

The wolf devours its prey

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/55061278>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Rape/Non-Con
Category:	F/M
Fandoms:	Wiedźmin The Witcher - All Media Types , the witcher nightmare of the wolf , The Witcher: Nightmare of the Wolf
Relationship:	Vesemir/Tetra Gilcrest
Characters:	Vesemir (The Witcher) , Tetra Gilcrest
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2024-04-08 Words: 3,149 Chapters: 1/1

The wolf devours its prey

by [SupremeQueenScylla](#)

Summary

Vesemir attacks Tetra in her home, and confronts her for her deceit, but the evening descends into smut.

Two months had passed since the attack on Kaer Morhen. Healing took a lot of her strength and magic, and till now as she relaxed in her new residence, the tension inside her didn't release. She thought that once she defeated the Witchers, assured her position in court, she would feel a level of safety. She wouldn't be the girl without a home. Arising from her bed, she went to the kitchen for a cup of water.

The moonlight filtered through the window, her eyes fall on the scenery outside, her own lush garden.

The blade comes from the shadows, she predicted it would, and twists around. He emerges from its protective cocoon of black, his gaze filled with hatred. It doesn't distract her, she raises her hands to cast a water spell, drawing from the water in the jug. He halts his forward movement, his gaze heavy on her. "If you mean to kill me..." She starts, eyes narrow. "I didn't come to kill you, Tetra." His voice is harsher, graver. But his knife is raised, ready to attack, and in his gaze there is a killer intensity. "Why are you here?" She asks, irritation in her words, posture rigid.

"I came here for your help--"

"Why would I help you?" A soft sneer, eyes cold like the frozen surface of a lake. "Witcher!" Speaking it like a curse word. "It wasn't enough that you led the charge to burn down the Witcher stronghold, but now you still carry the hatred...to what end...Tetra." She winces at the rebuke, and the flashes of anger on Vesemir's face.

"My work is not yet done...not until The Witchers are no longer a menace," She said icily, fingers tightening around the cup. He takes a step towards her, a frown tightening his features. She stands her ground, the water rises to form a sharp arc in the air. Any closer, a wounding is eminent, "Settle down, Tetra," Said gruffly, "I just need information." But any attempts to placate her would be useless. Her glare does not relent, still aiming at him with full force. "I don't care what you need from me.."

He moves quickly, her fingers dance in the air, and the water blade slices into his shoulder but not enough to stop his movement. He crashes her into the wall, his blade at her throat. "I don't have time for your obstinacy. I am about to go against a Psoglav..."

A dark frown on Tetra's red lips, as she feels uneasy with his face so close, his burning gaze feels scorching on her skin. He tries to maintain calm, but he is unable to wall up the current of rage. She led the charge against his home, so many witchers dead because of her. Her blue eyes widen, before she says defiantly, "You expect me to provide you with aid, Witcher?" The acidity in her voice brought forth a dark shadow to fall across his features. His golden eyes gleam with a dangerous darkness. Her stomach lurched in fear, but her face is stoic. The edge of the blade presses against her skin, a flare of pain in warning. "You helped me once..." Making a sound at the back of his throat that sounds of annoyance at remembering their trip together, "It is for the safety of people. I thought you cared about them." There is an edge of mocking, and she is once again reminded of the cocky bastard who talked her ear off, her frown deepened until it is a deep crevice on her face. "Another con," She snorts in

disdain, gaze cold, standing immobile in case he decided to move the knife an inch, “I have a hard time believing a witcher is interested in poor suffering bastards inhabiting villages.”

“What coin was promised you had to break into my home-“ While she is talking, she feels the pool of chaos magic turning in the air, and raises the water to form a sharp arrow. “I know for certain you are incapable of caring for anything beyond coin,” She spat out, the arrow found its mark, and launches at the back of his head. Vesemir eyes flare a deep gold, and for a second she sees disappointment and reproach in his expression before he moves swiftly in a blink of an eye.

His actions are swift, he twists her arm behind her back, and body is bend over the Kitchen table. The wood lightly scrapes her cheek, and pain erupts on her forehead as his head is knocked into the wood. The arrow strikes the wall and shatters uselessly. She struggles desperately under his heavy weight that held her firm, struggling to break free. “Unhand me,” she squeals in horror, fear racing through her body at her delicate predicament. Fingers tighten harshly around the back of her neck, her arm aching . “You have a lot of nerve speaking so disparagingly of me and the witchers after what you did.” He pulls at her arm causing pain to shoot upwards, releasing a cry of pain. “Are you mourning your dear departed Witchers or perhaps that royal servant,” She snaps, electricity buzzing between her fingers. All she needed is the opportunity to use chaos magic against him. The grip on her hand tightens like a manacle, his weight increases over her body. “I should kill you for what you did to Lady Illyana.” He snarls darkly, controlling his simmering rage. Recalling the coldness of his childhood friend who stayed by his side till the end. “She was merely a traitor who chose the wrong side.”

“Right side...wrong side,” He spits out, his words toxic, “You’re pretense of not pretending to be on your own side is wearing thin.” He leans closer, his breath searing like fire on her skin, “I know about your little incident when I went to the village...and you know what I discovered –“Punctuating his words with a harsh squeeze to her shoulder, “The local priest was fucking the local witch.” On hearing the disgusting words assail her ears, she started struggling more violently, “Lies!” She screams, feeling helplessness sweep through her body. “The poisoning was done by the wife of the Priest or maybe it was the other woman he was fucking.” She grunts, straining to release herself from his grip, her mind going through various spells and scenarios to escape. “I wonder what the royal court would say if their resident mage was the daughter of a whore who spread her legs for a priest.”

“Shut your fucking mouth,” Her face is ravaged with rage which he takes a twisted sort of delight in, “It doesn’t change the occurrence of that day...a witcher killed an innocent woman.” “In retaliation you murdered witchers, and an innocent woman!”

“You drove your sword through her,” She reminds him with a hint of smugness. A grunt as he pulls at her arm, intensifying her pain. “She made her choice when she sided with the Witchers.” Releasing a grunt of pain, then a scream tore from her throat, as his blade penetrates the flesh of her shoulder. ‘A witcher never hesitates,’ He thinks, the intensity of his glare increasing until white hot rage beats against his brain.

“That was for Lady Illyana,” He snarls with barely contained rage. Tetra forces herself not to be consumed by the burning pain, a plan needed to be concocted to thwart this witcher. Her

work is not yet done. "I imagine your Lady Illyana, the servant girl felt such pain as you pierced her, Witcher. Maybe wept a little." A haze of blood making it difficult to focus, if only she could find a source for chaos magic, it is all she needed, but she couldn't get one to save her, plus he is far too close to her. She can feel the shape of his dick rubbing viciously against her backside.

"Did you use such pretty speech to convince Kitsur to support you?" A low growl fluttering the hairs on the back of her neck. "I needn't do much convincing, she was raring to destroy you after the death of Ellaria."

"Ellaria...the elf girl...the one you threatened. Why would Kitsur think she is dead? Why would I be blamed?" Baring his teeth, muscles tensing, she could feel the thick cords of his muscles pressing into her. Tetra relapses into silence, focused less on the talk and more on drawing magic from the air, waiting for the opportunity to strike, but then it hit her, the words she had uttered so carelessly.

"You lied, "Reproach and ferocity in his voice, "You made it seem I murdered her companion." Pain, white hot and heavy surges up her shoulder and down her arm. The blade presses causing a shallow cut across the pale white column of her neck, just as it did when he first attacked her. He continues in the same fierceness, tremors of icy fury through his body, "The meeting was a farce. You never had any intention to let the Witchers be...Deglan was right...you were biding your time." Giving her a burning look that blisters the back of her head.

She made a noise at the back of her throat, but didn't deny it, instead she said, "I was protecting the kingdom from the monstrosities your kind created," Snarling through the pain, "As a member of the royal court. I have a duty to protect the people from the vicious, lying and corrupt Witchers."

"A member of the royal court...I imagine after Illyana's death you found yourself far more favorable in Court...with many supporters. Even now entrusted to protect the kingdom. How fortuitous!" A wince at the caustic edge dripping from his words, and she wants to deny and protest his assertions but it would be wasted energy. If only he allowed her a little movement, she could fight him off. He gives an exhalation of frustration, "You witches and your petty games."

"Upset because we Mages can con as well as you witchers," A brave sneer in her reply, she was pushing her luck. "You can't kill me, Witcher. If you do...you will be hunted as an enemy of Kaedwen...and my own people. I am the descendant of..." Pleased that there is notable strength in her words, she is worthwhile as the descendant of the first human mage. "I literally do not care who you are the result of some bastards fucking," Vesemir snaps, wild with rage, but she is right, she is far too high in a position to easily take her out. Then, he feels the shape of her ass on his crotch, and he thinks, this would be an excellent way to take revenge. One way or another, she had to pay. He is driven purely by his animalistic instincts, he moves to the side, and immediately her legs kick backwards vainly, he strengthens his grip from her twisted arm. Glancing at her wound, he decides that she wouldn't die from the blood loss. His hand skates over her backside, immediately she screeches, "What the hell are you doing?"

“Giving you a punishment you deserve,” Said with a snarky smirk, as fingers lift her nightgown to expose her pale buttocks. Tetra barely had a chance to react as cold chilly air is felt on her buns. Smack, she gasps, crying out as the sound of flesh slapping against flesh rang through the room. A heavy hand struck her ass twice in quick succession, a sharp ‘smack, smack’ that prompted a sting on her ass. A red humiliated tint tainted her cheeks, all four of them. “Stop,” She tries to reason with him, but words fail her as she struggles to deny the flare of arousal on her cunt. The immediate pain fades to a warm sharp tingle across her ample cheeks. “

Another three quick hits, his hand coming down harder this time, his hands worn heavy from monster hunting and gripping a sword. She grits her teeth, and bears it, she won’t give him the satisfaction. But the next hit stings badly, a scream tearing from her lips. A chuckle, worst than the one before as Vesemir drank in the sight of her plump behind already showing redness. Her breathing is ragged from her pain and the bit of excitement for when another smack would occur. A deep throaty rumble from his chest, “How are you feeling now? Still the all powerful witch who can’t see her own filth...pretending she is so innocent wrapped in self-righteousness -“

“Go to hell!” She gulps, her heart hammering in her ears, pain swirling around her body, and she can’t tell from where it is coming. Another few strikes, until the world goes out of focus for Tetra, from the pain, blood loss or the abject humiliation.

Then, he smells it, her arousal, her cunt is leaking slick, glistening against her lips and falling down her thigh. His Witcher senses could smell it, and it excited him. “You enjoying this, Tetra” He snickers, laughing at her plight. She bites into her lip till she can taste blood. “Naughty little witch,” Four more smacks, ruthlessly on sensitive flesh, tears gather at the corner of her eyes, as she whimpers in pain. Before she could prepare herself, another three heavy hand on her alternating each cheeks, darkening the red. Her body jumps at the contact, her butt bucking into his hand, as she cried out wantonly.

Another dark chuckle that reverberated in air, before she utters in a weak voice that attempted to be steel, “I am going to kill you.” The cool air added a sort of soothing balm to her burning cheeks. “Not like you didn’t make a good first attempt,” Was the flippant response. She stiffens as his hand grasps the tender flesh and pushes her ass apart. A deep groan from his lips as Vesemir stares at the sight of her wet pussy, her exposed lips twitching at the sudden coolness. She prayed it is over, she couldn’t take anymore. The coil of arousal is too tight she might go crazy until she is granted a release...his touch, his caress..anything would do...

Vesemir is torn, on one hand, he wants to punish her, but her soft pussy is so inviting. He chooses to squeeze roughly her bruised butt prompting her to cry out in pain. ‘A Witcher never hesitates.’ Unceremoniously shoving two thick fingers into her wanting pussy that slid in effortlessly past the liquid. He doesn’t move them. Tetra gasps at the intrusion, breathing heavily, “What are you-” But then is even more shocked when he leaves his fingers there between her walls as she itches for the soft friction that will guide her to sexual release. “What are you waiting for?” He sneers at her back, and begins to pump them in and out of her, in a pace that is hard and fast, and relentless, mimicking the smacks against her burning cheeks. He loosens his grip on her arm, which falls helplessly by her side. Cries tear from her throat at the ambush of pleasure, as his fingers easily slid into her insides, curling inside her,

his thumb teasing against her clit with every thrust. He leans over her again, his breath hot and heavy against her neck, “Enjoy being fucked like whore, Witch!”

Her whole body seized up as her orgasm tears through her, his ministrations of rough fingering turning her insides to jelly. A primal undignified cry falling from her lips, as parts of her body are overstimulated to the point it is an odd mixture of pleasure and pain. Tears are flowing freely again, panting heavily. Her pussy walls clench around his fingers, he added two more, filling her to capacity. Vesemir can’t stop smiling from the lewd sounds of wet squelching that accompany her pants and his groaning as she clenched around him more. God, she feels so good, almost like he is playing with silk. In any other situation, he would drop his pants, and bury his cock deep inside her. But this is Tetra...a mage...she destroyed everything.

He continued his relentless pace, one hand on her arm around her back to keep her down, while his fingers piston in and out of her. He decides to curl his fingers inside of her, his rough pads playing with her upper walls, and sliding over her g-spot. Tetra can’t stop shaking with her need already so on edge from his spanking that she knows she can’t last long. She hated him for doing this to her, for making her his whore.

His fingers continue their assault, the pressure building till she bursts with a scream. Cum squirting and gushing out of her cunt, drenching his fingers.

Tetra lies on the table, breathing heavily. Vesemir removes his fingers, raises his hand, and sucks off her juices. She tastes of prissiness and ambition. “Are you satisfied?” Tetra asks weakly, throat dry and breathing heavily. She forces herself to stand on weak legs and faces him to give him a look of utter disgust. Without thinking, she lifts her unharmed arm, and hand slaps his face. “You are going to pay for that!” Screeches in cold fury, eyes blazing. He barely flinches, his face retaining the angry scowl, “I can make you pay in worse ways, Witch.” His fingers already tainted with her cum, wanted to rip apart her nightgown, while his eager mouth would attack every inch of her. Mark her white neck, plump breasts before bending her over the table, until she screams his name. Her lips look as inviting as the rest of her

Instead he exercises restraint, and said evenly in a low growl, “Give me the information I need because you are in no state to fight.” Without thinking, he touches her lips, and is mildly surprised she takes him into her mouth, and sucks on her own juices and his spittle. Again, his cock in his ever tightening trousers twitches in excitement and anticipation. He allows her the luxury of licking him clean. “Can I have the information swiftly? That beast has probably eaten a good part of your populace by now. ”

Tetra frowns, her red lips around his fingers, her teeth nipping at his skin, before nodding in compliance. It wasn’t like she had the dignity or strength to deny him, not after that fucking. Her arm burns with pain, her back aches, and her legs are wobbly. Vesemir just seems entirely pleased with himself, savoring the sight of her ruined mage, which he would use to comfort himself when he finds thoughts of his friends and Illyana plaguing his mind.

[EmeraldDJ](#), [supersinger472](#), [Untouchable_Hexing_Witch](#), [The_Polyglot_0121](#), [Antonietta](#), [ri nhail](#), [jesterclownqueen](#), [Usedrose](#), and [Lie17](#) as well as 11 guests left kudos on this work!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!